

Here We Are

by Ven0

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Summary: RvB. Church always thought that he loved Tex, but after the latest bout of getting shot and watching her walk away, things are different. That intense feeling that tightens his chest and makes him unable to keep still isn't love. It's Hate.

Here We Are

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo or Red vs Blue. They are both owned and were created by people more creative and awesome than myself.

A/N: I haven't written anything in a very long time and it's been far too long since I posted anything. I searched through my documents looking for something upload-able and this is what I found. It's pretty short, but I hope you enjoy it. Don't forget to R&R! Also, this doesn't really fit anywhere in RvB canon, so don't expect it to. I'll try to keep the characters as true to the originals as possible, but I'm not their creators so there will be differences.

Here We Are

Church hated Tex. After everything he'd done for her, she'd shot him. Again. Then she walked away and called 'fuck you' over her shoulder. He had loved her up until then, loved her dearly. Until that moment, he'd never understood just how thin the line between love and hate was. The fiery passion he'd harbored in his heart for her was now burning hatred.

His hatred was so strong that everything in his life was dull and insignificant beside it. It destroyed his eye-sight, leaving the world in black and white except for the occasional deep red hue. And he could hardly focus on anything, near or far away. The check-up with Doc told him what he already knew; His eyes were fine. It was all in his head.

He started talking to no one. Talking isn't quite right. He made unintelligible sounds and grunts at nothing. Speech hadn't completely

escaped him, but he knew that the team could hear half the times they said that they didn't. He just wasn't speaking words, even when he meant to.

To their credit, the team took his disabilities well, all things considered. Tucker manned up quicker than should've been possible and took charge when Church's condition deteriorated to the point that he could no longer function as a soldier. No one had made a single joke about his madness. Not one.

After sitting in his room by himself for what could've been an eternity or five minutes, Church realized what he had to do. It wasn't in his nature to just sit somewhere and massage the inside of his ass with his thumbs. Not that he could ever shake the restlessness that came from being alone anyway. Sure the team was here, but they were as grey and as blurry as everything else.

He had to go.

He stood from the bed with a sense of purpose filling him. With his decision made, his vision was already starting to sharpen and color started to return. The locker that housed his armor stood out from the rest of the room in a near black reddish tone.

"Whoa! What are you doing up and moving around?" Tucker exclaimed when he spotted Church enter the armory. "You've been out for a while, dude. No need to be walking aroundâ€|"

Church didn't acknowledge Tucker's existence, much less his words. There was something â€| off about him. He moved in a way that seemed inhuman, as though his existence was scraping through reality and leaving a trail of pure agony hanging in the air.

"â€|in armorâ€|"

Armor that had once been blue, as all Blues should be, was now black, but glinted red in the light. More than glinted, red seemed to be coming off of the armor and lingering in mid-air as the light struck it.

"â€|gathering weaponsâ€|"

As though the very sight of him wouldn't kill anyone he didn't like. He grabbed a pistol, an assault rifle, a shotgun, and many, many grenades. And _so much ammo_! Tucker felt like collapsing just looking at him. Then he started grabbing more.

"I'm leaving."

It took Tucker a moment to realize that Church was looking at him now. And talking to him.

"What the fuck do you mean, 'I'm leaving'?" Tucker retorted, trying his best not to sound as though he were going to shit his armor. And with more than a small amount of success, he didn't mind acknowledging to himself.

"I can't stay here and mope about in my room for the rest of my life. I'm going to get answers."

Tucker threw his hands in the air incredulously. Here Church was, finally back on his feet, speaking words, and, apparently, seeing clearly, but he was spouting bullshit!

"Answers? _Answers_?" he screamed. "Of all the stupid shit I've heard you say, this is by far the worst! Hell, this is worse than the dumbest thing that's ever come from Caboose! If you're so hell-bent on leaving, how 'bout you have a reason more fucking substantial than 'I'm looking for "answers"!'"

"Tucker."

That was all he said, and he said it calmly, smoothly. Gently even. Tucker's blood froze in his veins regardless.

"We've come a long way, and we bugged each other every step of the way."

As he spoke, he walked closer. The air chilled as he grew nearer.

"I thought that I hated you, that I would kill you given the slightest chance."

'_Not exactly encouraging words,'_ Tucker thought as his hand fidgeted restlessly over his sidearm.

"But I don't hate you. Not even close. You're a friend, and a good one at that. So..."

Tucker nearly let out a yell when his back hit the wall. He hadn't realized that he'd been backing away.

"Whoa!" Church was staring at him with mere inches separating their visors. '_When the fuck did he get that close?_'

"My rifle." He reached over Tucker's shoulder and grabbed the sniper rifle, but Tucker caught his wrist before he could take it.

He couldn't see Church's face behind the visor, but the glare he knew was there turned his face from black to ghost white.

"If we're friends, just tell me one thing; What are you going to do?" he asked shakily.

Church grunted a short, mirthless laugh and put his free hand on Tucker's shoulder.

"Isn't it obvious? I'm going to kill Tex."

End
file.